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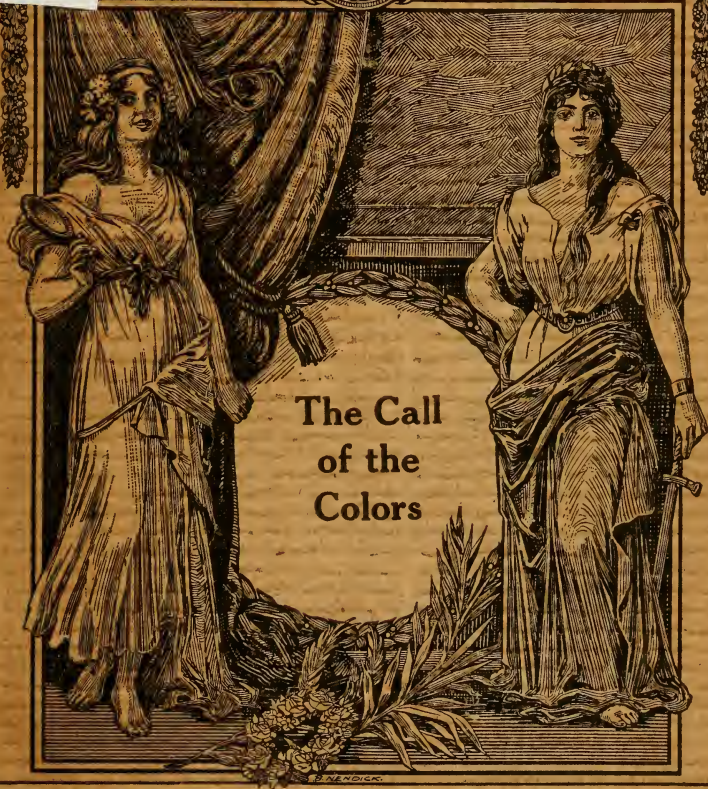
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The Call
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PUBLISHERS CHICAGO

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		When the Circus Came to Town, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs.	(25c) 5 3

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago

THE CALL OF THE COLORS

A PATRIOTIC PLAY IN TWO ACTS

FOR FOUR MEN AND TEN WOMEN

BY

LINDSEY BARBEE

AUTHOR OF

"After the Game," "At the End of the Rainbow," "The Call of Wohelo," "The Dream That Came True," "The Fifteenth of January," "Then Greek Met Greek," "Her First Scoop," "The Kingdom of Heart's Content," "The Promise of Tomorrow," "Sing a Song of Seniors," "The Spell of the Image," "The Thread of Destiny," "Tomorrow at Ten," "The Trial of Hearts," "A Watch, a Wallet and a Jack of Spades," "When the Clock Strikes Twelve," "The Whole Truth," "In the College Days," "Let's Pretend—A Book of Children's Plays," Etc.



CHICAGO

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PUBLISHERS.

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THE CALL OF THE COLORS

CHARACTERS.

MRS. HILARY.....*Head of the Gauze Room*
SALLIE PALMER.....*In Charge of the Desk*
MIRIAM THORPE.....*Who Goes to France*
LEE SOMERS ... }
LOIS MOORE.... }*Workers in the Gauze Room*
LAURA JONES .. }
MISS SMITH.....*Who is Something of a Mystery*
A VISITOR.....*Who Does not Approve*
CECILE DEERING.....*Whose Château is a Hospital*
VILETTE.....*A French Peasant Girl*
SERGEANT HILTON.....*Of the Royal Rifles*
HARRISON RAY.....*Who Wears Civilian Clothes*
BILLY*Not yet Enlisted*
RUDOLPH*Sergeant Hilton's "Watch Dog"*

SCENE—*America and France.*

TIME—*The Present.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About an Hour and a Half.*

ACT I. A Gauze Room, near an American Training Camp.

ACT II. A Room in a French Château, near the Firing
Line in France.

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SYNOPSIS FOR PROGRAM.

ACT I—The Red Cross gauze room has various visitors. Sergeant Hilton proves the chief topic of conversation and the strange Miss Smith is cordially welcomed. Harrison Ray is declared a slacker—and Sergeant Hilton's little black book causes much speculation. Miriam makes an announcement; Harrison offers an explanation—and the boys go marching by!

ACT II—Sergeant Hilton renews his acquaintance with Miriam and learns of the ammunition hidden in the village. The Germans arrive. The Sergeant loses his little black book—and Vilette brings news of the enemy. Miss Smith finds the book and sends a message. By means of the secret telephone Cecile communicates with the other château—and the firing begins. Sergeant Hilton returns—in another rôle; a bugle sounds, and the Stars and Stripes go by. The Sergeant, taken unawares, faces a revolver. Harrison Ray tells his story, the mystery is solved, and the day is saved!

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

Sergeant Hilton, a young war "veteran," who, disabled, is lecturing for the benefit of war relief, proves to be the chief topic of conversation among the workers of a Red Cross gauze room. His helpless left arm, his engaging personality, and the mysterious little black book which he always carries, excite much comment; and, in contrast, the conduct of Harrison Ray, who has not enlisted in any branch of the service, and who seems content to wear civilian clothes, is criticized. Miriam Thorpe announces her intention of going to France as a nurse, and, impulsively, asks Harrison why he, too, has not answered the call of the colors. He refuses to tell her.

The scene shifts to France, where, in a château which has been turned into a hospital, and which is the property of a college friend, Miriam begins her work. In a neigh-

boring château is hidden an ammunition reserve coveted by the enemy, the hiding place known only to a few, among them Miss Deering, whose hospital responsibilities naturally bring her into close association with war authorities. She, in turn, gives this knowledge to Miriam and to a mysterious Miss Smith who has worked with Miriam in an American gauze room and who has followed her to France. Sergeant Hilton appears in the village, and, almost immediately, a German detachment follows him. Through Miriam, who believes him to be a government official, he has already learned of the ammunition repository; so, on the arrival of the troops, he hastens to impart his news, his treachery unknown to the residents of the château. In his excitement he loses the little black book which he always carries, and it is found by Miss Smith, who, after reading it here and there, sends a mysterious message by Vilette, a French peasant girl.

Meanwhile, the guns begin, and Cecile, by means of a secret telephone, communicates with those in charge of the ammunition and directs the firing. Suddenly the Sergeant enters, demands the book whose loss he has discovered and reveals his double personality. In the midst of the excitement following the dénouement a bugle sounds and the sight of American soldiers insures the safety of the village. The Sergeant hastens to escape, but Miss Smith, in the name of secret service, confronts him with a revolver and holds him at bay until Harrison Ray enters and declares him a prisoner, delivering him into the hands of the law. Explanations follow, and Harrison—in khaki at last—gains his reward from Miriam.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

MRS. HILARY—Middle-aged, with slightly gray hair. Dignified and a trifle domineering. Wears large white apron over white gown and red band on her arm. Her cap is a square of thin red material with white band around the face and white square bearing red cross directly in front.

SALLIE—Bright and vivacious. Wears pretty summer gown and hat and carries bright knitting bag and parasol.

MIRIAM—Sweet and serious. In the first act she wears costume similar to that worn by Mrs. Hilary. In the second act her costume is that of the regular Red Cross nurse.

LEE, LOIS, LAURA—Typical modern girls. Pretty summer gowns and hats and regular Red Cross aprons and caps.

MISS SMITH—Quick, alert and self-poised. In first act she wears white apron and cap over summer gown. In second act, regular nurse's costume.

A VISITOR—Sarcastic, critical and supercilious. Gown and hat somewhat out of style.

CECILE—Bright, clever and efficient. Regulation nurse's costume.

VILETTE—Very animated, with many gestures. Simple peasant costume of full skirt, black bodice and white waist.

SERGEANT HILTON—Very engaging in personality. Plain business suit in both acts. His left arm hangs quite limp.

HARRISON RAY—Manly, dignified and resolute. Plain business suit in first act. United States uniform in second.

BILLY—Typical college youth. Wears white trousers, dark coat, white shoes, Panama hat.

RUDOLPH—Rough peasant costume.

PROPERTIES.

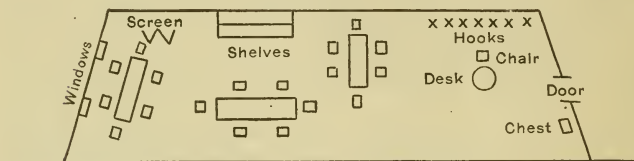
ACT I—Three Red Cross tables with scissors, rulers, boxes, gauze, etc. Six straight chairs for each table. Chest of drawers. Flat desk with telephone, papers, etc. Desk chair. Shelves with cardboard boxes; hooks for hats. Blackboard, screen, mirror, poster. Hats, sweaters, etc., for girls. Knitting, knitting bag and parasol for SALLIE. Large box for BILLY. Book for SERGEANT. Umbrella for HARRISON.

ACT II—Table with lamp, library shears, books, etc. Smaller table with painting above. Two large chairs, one

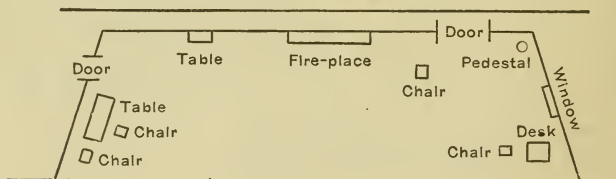
straight chair, desk and desk chair. Allied flags, field glasses and paper for desk. Pedestal and statue. Fireplace, and-irons, mirror and telephone. Rugs, portières, window curtains, etc. Cloak for CECILE. Revolver and small United States flag for MISS SMITH. Book and revolver for SERGEANT. Handcuffs for HARRISON.

SCENE PLOT.

ACT I.



ACT II.



STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *1 E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance; *D. F.*, door in flat or scene running across the back of the stage; up stage, away from the footlights; down stage, near footlights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

THE CALL OF THE COLORS

ACT I.

SCENE: *A Red Cross gauze room. Full stage. Practical door down L. Windows R. U. E. and R. 2 E. Three Red Cross tables, one at C., one down R. and one at front of stage, with rulers, scissors, pasteboard boxes, etc. Six chairs at each table. Hooks with hats, coats, bags, etc., at L. of C. in F. Shelves with pasteboard boxes for aprons, caps, etc., at R. of C. in F. Screen at R. U. E. Flat desk with telephone, papers, etc., down L. Large and brightly decorated knitting bag, also gay parasol conspicuously displayed on desk. Chair back of desk. Chest of drawers at L. 2 E. Large poster with "Quiet Please" at C. in F. Mirror underneath. Blackboard between windows.*

At rise, stage is well illuminated. SALLIE at the desk is knitting industriously. LOIS is seated back of the table at front of stage. MIRIAM at table down R. MRS. HILARY, with LEE at her right and LAURA at her left, stands R. of table at C.

MRS. HILARY (*to LAURA*). This won't do, Miss Jones. (*Holds up gauze square and regards it critically.*) The hem is too wide, the corners are blunt, and (*measuring*) it is too large by the sixteenth of an inch.

LAURA. But what is the sixteenth of an inch to a poor, wounded soldier, Mrs. Hilary?

MRS. H. (*pompously*). We are not considering the soldier, my dear, but are merely obeying national orders.

LAURA (*sighing*). And a soldier's first duty is obedience. (*Takes gauze.*) I'll try again. (*Turns and as she seats herself back of table at C., makes a grimace behind MRS. H.'s back.*)

MRS. H. (*taking gauze which LEE holds out to her*). Why have you made laparotomy pads and small sponges when you were told *not* to make them?

LEE. But I wasn't told.

MRS. H. (*dramatically pointing to blackboard*). Read! (*Reads aloud.*) No laparotomy pads and small sponges are to be made until further notice.

LEE (*meekly*). I forgot to look at the blackboard.

MRS. H. In Red Cross work, Miss Somers, inattention is as serious an obstacle as inaccuracy. (*As she hands back the gauze.*) Make these into dust cloths. (*Moves to front of stage.*)

(LEE crosses back of LAURA and seats herself L. of table, engaging in much silent by-play.)

MRS. H. (*standing back of LOIS*). Do you call that a straight line, Miss Moore? (*Points to gauze.*)

LOIS (*startled*). Why—yes. Isn't it?

MRS. H. Did you draw a thread?

LOIS. Why—no. I just cut it. I've always had a very accurate eye.

In the meantime MISS SMITH emerges from behind the screen, wearing the Red Cross apron but carrying the cap. She makes her way to the desk and engages in a heated argument with SALLIE.

MRS. H. (*scornfully*). Accurate! One could coast down hill on that edge!

SALLIE. Mrs. Hilary? (MRS. H. turns and walks toward desk.) This lady doesn't want to wear a cap.

MRS. H. Doesn't want to wear a cap? May I ask *why*?

MISS SMITH. It's such a nuisance. It gets in my way, and it isn't becoming.

MRS. H. (*sarcastically*). Are you sure you're in the right place? The beauty parlors, you know, are on the second floor.

MISS S. (*meekly*). Oh, if it's a rule—of course I won't say another word.

MRS. H. (*mollified*). Surely you understand that we must insist upon sanitation and uniformity. Have you had previous experience in this work?

MISS S. None whatever.

MRS. H. Then I shall put you at the kindergarten table. (*Guides her to table down R.*) Miss Thorpe? (MIRIAM looks up.) A recruit!

MIRIAM (*smiling and nodding*). Then we'll do our best to make the recruiting station attractive. (MRS. H. and MIRIAM instruct the newcomer.)

Enter VISITOR at L. SALLIE rises and starts toward her, knitting as she goes. The ball of yarn drops, she dives for it, the VISITOR side-steps and becomes entangled in the yarn.

SALLIE. Oh, I beg your pardon! (*Extricating the victim.*) I—beg—your—pardon! (*As she rises the VISITOR stoops and SALLIE'S needles graze her cheeks.*) Oh, I hope I haven't hurt you! (*The VISITOR glares and SALLIE becomes confused.*) I—I—suppose you wish to see one of the workers!

VISITOR (*grimly*). If that needle had gone half an inch nearer the eye, young woman, my chances for seeing anybody would have been diminished.

SALLIE (*examining the scratched cheek*). But it didn't even leave a mark! (MRS. H. crosses to them.)

MRS. H. Good afternoon. Is there any information we can give you? (SALLIE returns to desk.)

VISITOR (*airily*). None, thank you. I have just finished the Red Cross course in New York, consequently the details are quite fresh in my mind. (*Pauses.*) A tour of neighboring towns is proving most—enlightening.

MRS. H. It must be extremely gratifying to note the efficiency resulting from national orders.

VISITOR (*shrugging her shoulders insinuatingly*). Efficiency? (*Gazes about her.*) Are these all your workers?

MRS. H. (*bridling*). Certainly not. The hour is late, the afternoon is warm—naturally our attendance suffers.

VISITOR. Indeed? One imagines that the proximity of a training camp would spur the young ladies to greater effort. (*Moves slowly to table at C., reading blackboard as she goes. Turns sharply to MRS. H., who is behind her.*) Since when have we eliminated laparotomy pads and small sponges?

MRS. H. (*just as sharply*). Since the last bulletin, of course.

VISITOR. What erroneous reports are spread! Being right from New York—I *know*. (*Feels gauze on table.*) Dear me! What an inferior quality!

MRS. H. Even as such we prefer not to have it held between gloved fingers. (*VISITOR critically inspects work at table down R., followed haughtily by MRS. H.*)

VISITOR. So much depends upon the first instruction. (*Looks more closely.*) Oh, is *that* the way you do it? (*Shrugs her shoulders and passes on to R. U. E., followed by MRS. H., speechless with rage. LOIS, who has been watching the proceedings with interest, joins LEE and LAURA, and they all whisper together quite audibly.*) Is your soap antiseptic? (*Looks behind screen, then points to poster with a glance toward the laughing, whispering girls.*) Isn't it strange how requests are ignored!

MRS. H. Not at all, since often the incentive is sufficient to excuse any infringement of rules.

VISITOR (*crossing to desk, pausing and feeling the yarn which SALLIE is knitting*). Dear me! The soldier who wears *this* will be scratched to death.

SALLIE (*calmly*). Then let us hope that he'll be polite enough not to mention it.

VISITOR (*as she moves to the door*). It has been a very interesting and (*sarcastically*) educational visit. (*To MRS. H.*) Thank you—and—good morning! (*Exit.*)

MRS. H. (*who has remained at desk*). Back to your work young ladies! (*LOIS hurries to table at front of stage.*) And forget the interruption.

SALLIE. Wasn't she irritating—and ridiculous!

MRS. H. So ridiculous that it humiliates me to be irritated by her.

Enter BILLY at L.

BILLY. 'Morning, Mrs. Hilary. (*Glances around at the girls, who nod and wave.*) 'Morning, everybody! (*Hands large box to MRS. H.*) Mother sent this over—said you'd understand.

MRS. H. Thank you, Billy. I'll look over the contents right away so that you may report. You don't mind waiting a few moments, do you? (*Moves down stage.*)

BILLY. Not a bit of it.

MRS. H. (*turning*). Haven't enlisted yet?

BILLY. No such good luck. To be within three months of twenty-one and have a training camp which you can't enter right under your nose is too tough a proposition for any fellow to stand.

MRS. H. (*as she seats herself at table down stage*). Going back to college?

BILLY. Not much. What's a degree compared to shoulder-straps? (*Seats himself on desk end.*) Hello, Sal! (*Catches up the knitting bag.*) Is this yours? (*Looks intently at it and whistles.*) Is there anything in the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms which isn't here?

SALLIE. Yes. The apple of discord. You must have met it outside the door.

BILLY (*swinging the bag vigorously*). Sure it wasn't a bunch of sour grapes—or a lemon?

SALLIE (*as a ball of yarn falls out*). Watch out—or you'll get tangled up.

BILLY (*stuffing it back into the bag*). Heaven forbid. Last night between acts at the show, when I tried to reach the aisle, the web of yarn was so thick that the usher had to extricate my feet.

SALLIE. Served you right. Little boys should stay put.

BILLY. Saw your picture today.

SALLIE. Where?

BILLY (*teasingly*). Suppose I should say—on Sergeant Hilton's mantel-piece.

SALLIE. I'd know that you were handling the truth lightly.

BILLY. Just the same, I'm willing to wager my best pipe that you girls have given him an art gallery of yourselves.

SALLIE. If that's all the conversation you can furnish, I beg to be excused.

BILLY. Well, as I was saying, I saw your picture today.

SALLIE (*ironically*). Back where you started, aren't you? Well, I'll follow suit by saying again—*where?*

BILLY. In the *Post*. You were rapturously embracing an old cart horse, swathed in bandages—the horse, I mean, not you.

SALLIE. Oh, *that!* Just a demonstration of our work in the Dumb Friends' League.

BILLY. Where did you get the dumb friend?

SALLIE. An unreasonable old expressman at the corner loaned him.

BILLY. Why unreasonable? Surely his faith was great if he trusted his property to amateur hands.

SALLIE. Oh, he was all right about *that*—but it was afterwards.

BILLY. What happened? Did you maim the animal?

SALLIE. No. We simply forgot to return him.

BILLY. Then I don't blame the expressman, for he probably lost a few dollars on account of your forgetfulness.

SALLIE. But it was all for the good of the cause. The man who has no patriotism in times like these doesn't deserve to succeed.

MRS. H. (*rising*). Billy?

BILLY (*standing*). Yes, Mrs. Hilary.

MRS. H. I cannot accept these things. They do not conform to the prescribed measurements. I'm sorry, but my position forces me to be frank.

BILLY (*protestingly*). But, Mrs. Hilary, I can't spare time to trot back home again.

MRS. H. (*firmly*). Don't argue, Billy, but hurry off with this (*thrusts box in his hands*) and tell your mother that I'll telephone her tonight. (*Turns to table at C. and busies herself with work. BILLY stands motionless for a moment, then angrily claps his hat on his head and bolts out the door, leaving it open behind him.*) You see, my dear boy, we must insist upon uniformity and accuracy, just as we must impress upon all workers the necessity of observing the rules even to the slightest degree, and if—

SALLIE (*who has tip-toed to the door*). He's gone!

MRS. H. (*wheeling*). Gone?

(*Telephone rings and SALLIE hurries back to the desk.*)

SALLIE (*taking receiver*). Yes. This is the gauze room. I can't understand you—shake up your phone. Oh—I'll ask her. (*To Mrs. H.*) The workers on the third floor want you for the rest of the afternoon. Can you go?

MRS. H. (*bustling around importantly*). Certainly I can go. Miss Thorpe will take charge. Miss Thorpe? (*MIRIAM comes forward to desk.*)

SALLIE. She'll come right away. Very well. (*Hangs up receiver.*)

MRS. H. Miss Thorpe, will you superintend as long as the young ladies care to stay? (*MIRIAM assents.*) And before you go be sure that the gauze is put away, the scissors laid in the bottom drawer, the threads and the pins picked up, and the chairs arranged in an orderly way—and—(*looks around*) well, I believe that's all. I'll see you at the next appointed time, young ladies. (*Exit at L.*)

SALLIE (*dropping into desk chair*). Oh-h-h! I feel like a limp, limp rag!

LOIS (*leaving her table and seating herself at C.*). And you look like a red, red rose, my dear. Use your powder-puff.

SALLIE (*languidly powdering her nose*). I hate hot weather.

LAURA (*pettishly*). And I hate hot work. I'm fairly sticking to this gauze.

LEE. Everything gets on my nerves. I keep seeing the poor, wounded soldier who will need this stuff; and the table changes into an operating board; and the scissors are shining instruments; and—

MIRIAM (*leaning on desk*). That will do, Lee. Visualizing isn't good for any of you, so let's shut up shop.

LOIS. Miriam, you're a good old sport. (*Rises, goes to shelves R. of C. in F. and takes off apron and cap.*)

MIRIAM. For as Mrs. Hilary says, it's late, it's warm—

LAURA. And there's going to be a dance tonight.

(MIRIAM *draws chair from L. of table to R. of desk and seats herself.*)

LEE. It's a shame that more people don't help out, even if it is summer. That snoopy, snippy woman made me angry, but I could see her point when she shrugged her shoulders and said, "Are these *all* your workers?"

SALLIE (*resuming her knitting*). My dear child, haven't you learned that the Red Cross is Society's plaything?

MIRIAM. Well, thank goodness, the most of us take it seriously.

LOIS (*moving L. of C. in F. and taking hat and sweater from hook*). Has Sergeant Hilton asked you for a dance, Laura?

LAURA (*going to R. of C. in F.*). Well, rather. Do you suppose I'd be going if he hadn't? (*Puts cap and apron away.*)

LOIS (*at mirror*). How do you suppose he dances?

LAURA. With his feet, perhaps. (*Crosses and takes hat from hook.*)

LOIS. Don't be funny. You know what I mean.

LAURA (*pushing LOIS from mirror*). People usually dance with their feet, don't they?

LOIS. Not everybody has a left arm that won't work and a set of eyes that can't see half across the room.

MISS S. (*rising and crossing to MIRIAM*). Have I done this correctly, Miss Thorpe? (*Holds out gauze work.*)

MIRIAM (*examining it*). Perfectly. But please don't work so hard.

MISS S. But I have so much to learn before I can compete with you people.

MIRIAM. At this rate, a week or so will make you a dangerous competitor.

MISS S. But I may not be here that long. Perhaps it was foolish of me even to begin the work.

MIRIAM. Are you a visitor?

MISS S. Just for a short time. I'm with Mrs. Raines.

MIRIAM. Then Mrs. Raines should have telephoned us about you.

MISS S. She meant to come with me today but something interfered.

LEE. You must think us an unsociable lot. Why, we haven't even asked you your name.

MISS S. It's—(*hesitates*) Smith.

LAURA. Then I know just how you feel, for mine is Jones. (*Comes down L. to desk.*) Some day we may change them, so cheer up! (*Sits on arm of desk chair.*)

MISS S. But I don't even change the *i* in mine to *y*, nor do I have the dignity of an added *e*. I'm just—plain Smith.

LOIS (*coming down C. and seating herself at C. back of table*). We don't quite agree with you about that. Come. (*Drags out chair at her right.*) Let's get acquainted.

MISS S. (*crossing back of LOIS*). Are you as nice as this to every stranger?

SALLIE. I wish I'd heard of you sooner. We're having a dance tonight for our training camp boys—and—would you go at this late hour?

MISS S. (*hesitating*). Oh—I don't—know.

LEE (*rising*). It's very informal, and for once in our lives we have a superfluity of men. (*Crosses R. of C. in F. and puts away her cap and apron.*) Please go.

MISS S. (*impulsively*). Oh, I'd love to, if you think it's all right.

LEE (*adjusting her hat before the mirror*). Perfectly. And I'll get you any kind of a man you want,—dark or light, fat or slim, tall or short, smart or silly, rich or poor—

MISS S. (*laughingly*). Oh, but I'm not so particular as all that!

LEE (*coming down R. and seating herself at Miss S.'s right*). We can't afford to be too particular in war times.

LOIS. Save that we prefer a uniform to a civilian suit.

LAURA. Speaking of uniforms, why doesn't the Sergeant wear his? You'd think he would be pining to display it after its marvelous experiences.

SALLIE. Maybe he's too modest to flaunt his heroism.

LEE. More likely the poor old thing is shot to pieces.

LAURA. I intend to ask him the next time I see him.

SALLIE. That will be this afternoon if you wait long enough. He's coming here for me.

LOIS. So you're the latest moth to be singed, are you?

SALLIE. Not at all. I'm merely the next on the Sergeant's very long list.

MISS S. Who is this Sergeant—or do you mind if I ask?

LEE. Who is the Sergeant? That very question, my dear, proves that you are a stranger. Why, the Sergeant is the sun around which the feminine planets revolve—the blossom besieged by buzzing bees—the—

MIRIAM (*interrupting*). Don't mind Lee's nonsense. Sergeant Hilton is a very attractive young war veteran—if there is any such thing.

MISS S. (*eagerly*). Tell me about him.

MIRIAM. When the war began he was at college, but with several other students went to Canada and enlisted in the Royal Rifles.

MISS S. But the Royal Rifles were annihilated, weren't they?

MIRIAM. Almost. A few escaped, among them Sergeant Hilton.

MISS S. How wonderful!

MIRIAM. Isn't it? His poor left arm hangs quite helpless—the nerve was pierced by a bayonet; and his eyes are affected by the poisonous gases.

LOIS (*to herself*). I still don't see how he can dance.

MISS S. But why is he here?

MIRIAM. On a lecture tour for war relief. He's been in many of the cities and is now visiting the training camps.

MISS S. I never heard of anything so thrilling. Why, it must be a regular education to talk to him.

SALLIE. So say we all of us. The feminine portion of the town has never before been seized with such a thirst for knowledge.

LAURA. Don't blame it altogether on the feminine portion. The business men have wine and dined him and the training camp boys are crazy about him.

LEE. He fairly lives at the camp; has taught the boys how to use the bayonet and has given them a real practical knowledge of the somewhere in France tactics.

MISS S. Has he been here long?

SALLIE. Over a month. He keeps lingering, but declares that tonight's festivity is positively his last appearance.

LOIS. Then I wonder what lucky lady is his choice for the dance. You, Sal?

SALLIE. Not I. I'm next on the list, but not necessarily last.

MIRIAM. That honor falls to me.

LAURA. *You*, Miriam? Good gracious!

MIRIAM (*laughing*). Your surprise at his choice is hardly complimentary, my dear.

LAURA. Well, naturally, we thought you would go with Harrison Ray.

MIRIAM (*quietly*). Why—naturally?

LAURA. Because he has singled you out from the first.

MIRIAM. Well, even from the first, it wouldn't be such a long acquaintance.

LAURA. Two months? In these days that's quite long enough to know a person.

MIRIAM. Is it? Then Harrison Ray must be an exception.

LOIS (*thoughtfully*). I'd call Harrison Ray a mystery.

LEE. What is there mysterious about him? A clever, well-bred, attractive man, properly introduced, who came here a stranger and has made many friends.

LAURA. Yes, but has he kept them?

LEE. What do you mean?

LAURA (*hesitates*). Why—why—

MIRIAM. Don't mind me, Laura. I agree with what you're going to say. (*Rises, and while the others converse, moves slowly around the room, places gauze and scissors in the chest of drawers, straightens chairs, picks up thread, etc.*)

LAURA. Well, how can such a splendid fellow be a slacker?

SALLIE. Slacker is a pretty hard term to apply to a man in these days.

LAURA. What else can you call him? He fails to enlist in any branch of the service, isn't drafted, and seems perfectly content to play around while everybody else follows Uncle Sam.

MIRIAM (*from back of stage*). Don't judge too hastily. There is always the possibility of extenuating circumstances.

LAURA. Not at a time like this. Why, if I had a brother who didn't answer the call of the colors, I'd go myself as a Red Cross nurse.

MIRIAM (*coming down stage*). Just what I intend to do. This gives me a splendid opportunity to announce it.

LOIS. What do you mean?

MIRIAM (*standing back of chair R. of desk*). Just what I say. I've taken a thorough course, as you know, have received my certificate, and have been promised a passport. Oh, I'm really going.

LEE. Where?

MIRIAM. Somewhere in France.

SALLIE. Miriam, surely you're not in earnest.

MIRIAM. Why not? You know it's always been my ambition to go.

SALLIE. But—to France!

MIRIAM. You remember my college friend, Cecile Deering, don't you?

LOIS. Perfectly.

MIRIAM. You've heard me speak perhaps of her French mother, who died when she was a child, and her American father, who had her educated in his own country. But I may not have mentioned their château, which is situated near the firing line and which has been Cecile's home since her father's death. This has been turned into a hospital—and it's *there* I'm going.

MISS S. (*eagerly*). It's wonderful—wonderful!

LAURA (*fervently*). And how I envy you the chance! (*Pauses.*) And oh, *how* I wish I were a man!

Enter SERGEANT HILTON at L.

SERGEANT (*laughingly*). We don't, for I speak for my sex when I suggest that we much prefer you as you are.

LAURA. Sergeant Hilton! (*Holds out her hands, which he takes.*)

SALLIE (*laughingly*). Listen to the man! Is his supply of pretty speeches inexhaustible?

SERGEANT (*as he takes SALLIE'S and MIRIAM'S hand in turn*). Why not? When there is such an inspiration.

(MIRIAM crosses to window at R. U. E. and stands looking out.)

LOIS. Here's someone who wishes to meet you, Sergeant. (*Indicates Miss S.*) Miss Smith! She's a stranger in our town.

SERGEANT (*acknowledging the introduction*). And I am leaving so soon! My misfortune.

LEE. Ours too. (*As she takes his hand.*) We hate to see you go, soldier man.

SERGEANT. And I hate to go more than I can say. Unfortunately, a soldier must move on.

SALLIE. Not at this particular moment, I hope. (*Motions him to chair R. of desk.*) I want to finish this row.

SERGEANT (*crossing to chair R. of desk*). Knit as many as you wish. (*To MIRIAM.*) Miss Thorpe, isn't this your chair?

MIRIAM (*turning*). Please be seated and let me stand. It's a real relaxation after the afternoon's work.

(SERGEANT seats himself R. of desk.)

LOIS. Where do you go next?

SERGEANT. To France, I hope.

LEE. Then you and Miriam may meet again.

SERGEANT (*in surprise*). Really?

MIRIAM (*smiling*). Possibly. I'm to be an accredited Red Cross nurse.

SERGEANT (*eagerly*). At what place?

MIRIAM. Oh, somewhere.

SERGEANT. Even with that fragmentary address I intend to find you.

MIRIAM (*crossing and standing behind LEE's chair*). You'll recognize me by my uniform.

LAURA. By the way, Sergeant, why don't you wear *your* uniform?

SERGEANT. It's put carefully away—rags and all. *That's* why.

LAURA. But it would be the finishing touch to your lecture.

SERGEANT (*laughing*). And the finishing touch to—me.

LOIS. You're too modest. Why, I'll wager that you have all kinds of medals for bravery. Victoria cross, maybe, or—(*mischievously*) iron cross!

SERGEANT. Stop right there—or—

LEE. You'll be putting down marks against us in that little black book which you always carry with you.

SERGEANT (*quickly*). What do you know about my little black book?

LEE. Nothing. That's why we're so curious.

LAURA. Perhaps—it's a life tragedy.

SERGEANT. Perhaps.

LOIS. Or a record of your love affairs.

SERGEANT. Unrequited.

SALLIE. Now we *know* you're fibbing.

MISS S. And it may be that between its covers are—mere statistics!

SERGEANT (*as he takes the book from his pocket*). Wrong—all of you. So I'll tell you what I've never told to anyone—because most people wouldn't understand. This little old book is my companion. It's been with me in the trenches, and in the long hours of—waiting—I wrote in it what a fellow says only to his friend. It's my comrade—a real part of me—and that's why it never leaves me. (*Returns book to pocket.*)

LEE (*after a pause*). We're a lot of inquisitive beasts. Please forgive us.

SALLIE (*putting away her knitting*). Well, I've finished—and if it's agreeable to you, Sergeant, we'll be on our way. (*Glances out.*) It's a bit cloudy.

SERGEANT (*rising*). Just as you say. As I expect to

see all you people tonight, it's only *au revoir*. (*Crosses to window at R. U. E. and looks out.*) It is cloudy, and I shouldn't wonder if we'd need an umbrella more than a parasol. (*Looks closer.*) Hello, there's Ray over there.

LOIS. How can your poor eyes recognize anybody at such a distance? (*Crosses to window at R. 2 E. and looks out.*)

SERGEANT. Only by his civilian clothes. Not many young fellows indulge in them these days. By Jove, it makes me want my uniform.

LOIS. I don't understand Harrison Ray.

SERGEANT. Why?

LOIS. Because—well, you've just said it—he's wearing civilian clothes.

SERGEANT. Physical incapacity, perhaps.

LOIS. Ridiculous!

SERGEANT. Under or over age.

LOIS. Not from appearances.

SERGEANT. Somebody dependent.

LOIS. Of course not.

LEE. How do you know?

LOIS. I don't. In fact, when I stop to think about it, nobody knows anything about him.

SERGEANT. Nobody can afford to be mysterious these days without exciting the suspicion that he is more interested in some other government than in his own.

MIRIAM. That is a cowardly thing to say behind one's back, Sergeant Hilton. What has Harrison Ray ever done to deserve it? (*Stands by LOIS.*)

SERGEANT. My dear Miss Thorpe! What has Harrison Ray to do with the question? I made the remark thoughtlessly and offhandedly without an idea of having it personal.

MIRIAM. And I spoke impulsively. I beg your pardon, Sergeant, and ask you to forget the incident.

SERGEANT. I'm glad you spoke, for a thoughtless remark like that of mine should never go unchecked. Thank you for pulling me up, and let's pretend that our flash of

lightning is just part of the storm which is about to descend upon us.

SALLIE (*who with parasol and bag is waiting impatiently at the door*). Well, it won't be a circumstance to the vocal storm that will hit a certain military gentleman if he lingers much longer.

SERGEANT (*hurriedly crossing to her*). Then, forward, march! (*As they pass out the door he turns and waves his hat.*) Till later!

LEE. Isn't he a peach? I'm crazy about him.

LOIS (*sauntering to C.*). I still don't see how he dances. His poor arm hangs limper than ever.

LAURA. It will certainly be a relief to all of us, Lois, when you settle that question. (*After a pause.*) I wonder if there could be anything in what he said—about spies.

MIRIAM. *There!* I just knew that some of you would keep that thought. It isn't fair.

LAURA. My word, but you're peppery. Rather a personal interest in Harrison Ray, I'm thinking.

LEE (*rising*). I'm going home before anybody gets any crosser.

LOIS. I can stand the crossness but my hat can't stand the rain. Come along—all of you!

MIRIAM. I must see Mrs. Hilary before I go, so don't wait.

LAURA (*turning to Miss S.*). Can't we see you on your way, Miss Smith?

MISS S. Oh, I'm not ready and I have several errands anyway,—so you'd better leave me.

LAURA. Well, we'll see you at the dance

LEE. And your man will be forthcoming. (*With a chorus of goodbyes, LOIS, LEE and LAURA leave the room.*)

MIRIAM (*crossing to Miss S.*). I'm on my way to the third floor to interview Mrs. Hilary. If you are not here when I return (*holds out her hand*), goodbye, and thanks for your help.

MISS S. (*taking MIRIAM's hand*). That's just what I intended to say to you!

MIRIAM (*laughingly*). Isn't it fine that we appreciate each other! (*Goes out door at L.*)

Miss S. *goes R. of C., takes off her cap and apron, puts them away and goes behind the screen. Enter HARRISON RAY and at the sound of his step Miss S. emerges.*

Miss S. Raymond!

HARRISON (*raising hand*). Hush! Remember, that isn't my name—here. (*Meets her at C.*) Well?

Miss S. So far so good. Thanks to Mrs. Raines, I've been cordially welcomed, have been included in their festivities, and as a result feel like the hypocrite I am.

HARRISON (*grimly*). Don't think for a moment that I can't appreciate your sensation.

Miss S. You were the subject of much discussion today.

HARRISON. I expected it.

Miss S. Miss Thorpe defended you.

HARRISON. Thank heaven for that. (*Lowers his voice.*) What did you learn?

Miss S. (*quietly*). Much that will interest you, and I shall do even better tonight. (*As MIRIAM appears at the door her voice changes to an impersonal and formal tone.*) But here she is now, so she can answer for herself. (*Crosses to L. of C. in F. and takes her hat from hook.*)

MIRIAM *enters L.*

MIRIAM. Why, Harrison, I didn't know you were acquainted with Miss Smith.

HARRISON. Miss Smith, as the only occupant of the room, kindly gave me information of your whereabouts.

Miss S. (*as she passes MIRIAM*). And *this* time, Miss Thorpe, I'm really going. (*Goes out door.*)

HARRISON. It's just about ready to storm. I hope you don't mind my bringing you an umbrella.

MIRIAM (*crossing to desk*). Mind? Hardly. On the contrary, I'm very grateful for your thoughtfulness.

HARRISON (*looking around*). So—*this* is what claims your time and interest.

MIRIAM (*nodding*). To such an extent that I can't see any future without it.

HARRISON. What do you mean?

MIRIAM (*seating herself at desk*). I'm sailing for—France.

HARRISON. For *France*? (*Stands R. of desk.*)

MIRIAM. For France. I'm accredited in Red Cross work, you know, and friends have made it possible for me to put it to practical use.

HARRISON. But why—France?

MIRIAM. Because I haven't the spirit of a stay-at-home.

HARRISON. Don't you believe that a stay-at-home has any part to play?

MIRIAM. Every one of us has some part to play in such a world war as this, Harrison.

HARRISON. Then why not find your work at home?

MIRIAM (*shaking her head*). I can't be satisfied—*here*. Aside from the desire to be at the front—to help where there is greatest need—I have the feeling that—(*pauses*) that I must be a substitute, even a poor one, for some man who is unwilling to heed the call of the flag.

HARRISON (*turning aside*). Those are hard words, Miriam.

MIRIAM. I do not mean them to be hard, Harrison. Perhaps they only ask the question, why have *you* not entered the country's service?

HARRISON (*turning and leaning on desk*). Do you think I'm a coward?

MIRIAM. I know you are not.

HARRISON. Do you trust me?

MIRIAM (*steadily*). I always have.

HARRISON. Then—listen. I can't explain the situation which is bringing criticism upon me. You must take my word that I have only love and loyalty for my country. (*After a pause.*) Do you believe me?

MIRIAM. I believe you, but I cannot understand. I hear only the call for help, for courage, for sacrifice, for heroism, and I want you to answer that call! (*Sound of drums*)

without.) Listen! (*She rises and hurries to window at R. U. E.*) The boys! The boys! They're following the flag!

(*She gazes steadfastly out the window. HARRISON turns away and stands at C. until—*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE: *Room in a French château. Large door L. of C. in F., revealing wainscot drop. Practical door at R. U. E., hidden by tapestry portière. Curtained window down L. Long table with lamp, books, library shears, etc., down R. Fireplace at C. in F. with old-fashioned andirons. Mirror above fireplace. Large chairs L. of table and near fireplace. Smaller chair at R. 2 E. Table R. of fireplace with large old-fashioned painting above. Desk and chair at L. 2 E. Paper and field glasses on desk. Allied flags above desk. Pedestal and statue at L. U. E. Rugs for floor. If possible, all furniture should be antique.*

At rise, stage is well illuminated. MIRIAM is seated L. of table and SERGEANT HILTON at R. 2 E.

SERGEANT. With a stretch of imagination and a disregard of the fact that you have been in France three months, I might believe that we are still in America—in the gauze room!

MIRIAM. In the gauze room? My imagination isn't so elastic as yours, Sergeant, for it's a far cry from those days of preparation to this life of activity.

SERGEANT. You have chosen a beautiful place for your work.

MIRIAM. Wonderful, isn't it? Its quiet, sunshine and its indescribable atmosphere have given peace and healing to the poor, brave boys who have sought refuge under its hospitable roof.

SERGEANT. Then the new life has brought you all that you anticipated?

MIRIAM. All—and more. For it has taught me to for-

get myself in helping others; it has shown me the beauty of sacrifice, the unselfishness of suffering and the blessedness of mercy; it has given me a true philosophy of life.

SERGEANT. And this philosophy is—

MIRIAM. That what happens to just one person really counts for nothing; that all life amounts to is the opportunity for service. (*Suddenly.*) But why should I be telling *you* this. You have already given so splendidly of yourself!

SERGEANT. The standpoint of another never loses its charm for me.

MIRIAM. But rather let us go on from where we were interrupted yesterday, for it is quite possible that we shall be interrupted today. A nurse is never sure of her time. I was asking you to account for yourself since I last saw you.

The portière at R. U. E. is pushed aside only for a moment, revealing the face of Miss S. She is unseen by the two.

SERGEANT. A few words will do that. I was detained in the East, called to Canada, and have been on this side a comparatively short time.

MIRIAM. But you can't go back into service.

SERGEANT. Not military service. Fortunately, there are other ways in which a man may serve his country.

Enter Miss S. at R. U. E. and quietly makes her way to desk at L. 2 E. The SERGEANT rises and looks at her with a puzzled expression.

Miss S. (*without looking at him*). A memorandum for Miss Deering. Pardon me for the interruption, Miss Thorpe. (*Takes paper from desk, crosses and goes out at R. U. E.*)

SERGEANT. I've seen that girl somewhere.

MIRIAM. Eleanor Smith? Of course you have. She attended the dance which we gave on the night before you left.

SERGEANT. And crossed with me.

MIRIAM. Evidently she doesn't remember you. (*Laughingly.*) That must be a novel experience for you, Sergeant.

SERGEANT (*to himself*). So it was—she—on the steamer.

MIRIAM (*teasingly*). Don't be so worried about it. She met you only once, remember.

SERGEANT. But I seldom forget a face. (*Sits.*) What is she doing here?

MIRIAM. Helping, of course—just as I am.

SERGEANT. But how did she happen to come—*here*?

MIRIAM. Why not? She heard me tell of my plans, trained herself accordingly and wrote me to find a place for her. Cecile needed helpers—and was glad to take her.

SERGEANT. Sometimes it isn't wise to share such work with—strangers.

MIRIAM. She is hardly a stranger, and in the short time she has been with us we have found her a treasure. But, come—let's go back to yourself. In what particular way are you serving your country?

SERGEANT. My work isn't definite enough to have a name. I'm on my way to the front now.

MIRIAM. We're beginning to feel that we ourselves are almost on the firing line.

SERGEANT. Your little village is harboring an ammunition reserve, isn't it?

MIRIAM. How do you know?

SERGEANT. It's my business to know.

MIRIAM. Then you're—close to the government?

SERGEANT. Call it what you will. (*Pauses.*) How can this open country effectively conceal even a small reserve?

MIRIAM. It's more than a reserve—it's a well-filled magazine, and its possession would mean much to the enemy.

SERGEANT. Is it in plain sight?

MIRIAM (*rising*). Come. (*Goes to window, followed by him.*) Over there. (*Points.*) Oh, I keep forgetting that you can't see so far.

SERGEANT. I can always see outlines.

MIRIAM. Then you can imagine its size. It's an old, old château whose underground passages, vaults and dungeons make an ideal repository.

SERGEANT. How many know of this?

MIRIAM. Very few. The villagers think of the soldiers quartered there as only a convenient home guard.

SERGEANT. Evidently inside information comes your way.

MIRIAM. Naturally. Cecile belongs to an old and illustrious French family. Her heart and soul are in the cause, and we are in direct communication with headquarters.

SERGEANT (*looking around*). Direct communication!

MIRIAM (*gazing intently out the window*). Something has happened down in the village. The people are running here and there and—(*pauses as her expression and tone change*) look, Sergeant Hilton, *look!* There are soldiers—everywhere. Don't tell me that they are Germans!

SERGEANT (*excitedly*). Have you glasses? The distance you know—

MIRIAM. Oh, I forgot! (*Catches glasses from desk and hands them to him.*) Can you see?

SERGEANT (*kneeling at window and looking intently*). Enough to tell me that you are in the hands of the enemy. (*He turns and quickly rises. As he does so the black book slips from his pocket and falls unperceived to floor.*) Remain here—admit no one—and we'll hope that it is a false alarm.

MIRIAM. False alarm? From the Germans? Hardly.

SERGEANT. Well, I'll investigate and report later. (*Takes her hand.*) I'm sure that there's no cause to worry. Goodbye. (*Exit L. of C. in F.*)

Enter CECILE at R. U. E.

CECILE. Miriam, have you heard?

MIRIAM (*meeting her at C.*). I've seen. What are we to do, Cecile?

CECILE. Stand our ground, of course.

MIRIAM. They surely would hesitate to molest—a hospital.

CECILE. They hesitate at nothing. Let us look that fact squarely in the face.

MIRIAM (*moving to window*). Can it be that they have heard of the ammunition?

CECILE (*joining her*). Possibly. Rather let us hope that the village is merely a stopping place on their march.

Enter Miss S. at R. U. E.

MISS S. (*at C.*). From the window in the north turret one obtains an excellent view of the entire valley. As I am not on duty, I can take my stand there and report if necessary.

CECILE. If you will, Eleanor. Until we can be sure of their intentions we can make no move.

Enter VILETTE at L. of C. in great distress and excitement.

VILETTE. Les Boches, Ma'am'selle Cecile—les Boches! (*Comes down L.*)

CECILE (*seizing her arm*). Vilette, have you been in the village?

VILETTE (*half-crying*). Oui, ma'am'selle! Les Boches (*wavering arms*)—partout!

CECILE (*gently shaking her*). Try to be quiet and listen to me. I must know just what has happened—and I depend upon you to tell me.

VILETTE (*composing herself*). Oui, Ma'am'selle Cecile!

CECILE. Begin at the first.

VILETTE. Quand j'eus fini mon ouvrage—

CECILE. English, Vilette, so that Miss Smith can understand your story.

VILETTE. When ze work is finish, I go au marché. We talk, we laugh and zen—tout-a-coup—we hear ze sound of marching, *marching*. Vite, out from ze dust—comme un éclair—march les Boches!

CECILE. And how many were there?

VILETTE. Un million, ma'am'selle!

CECILE. Try to be accurate, Vilette.

VILETTE. So many zat I cannot count zem. Zey crowd in ze shops—in ze houses—in l'eglise—

CECILE (*glancing at MIRIAM*). That certainly looks as if they were here to stay.

VILETTE. And ze guns! Ze terrible guns! (*Clasps her hands.*)

MIRIAM. You were near them?

VILETTE. Oh, non—non—non—ma'am'selle! I run—and run—(*collapsing on floor*)—I arrive!

CECILE (*motioning to chair by fireplace*). Go rest a few moments. (*VILETTE obeys.*) It is quite evident that they have discovered the whereabouts of the ammunition. Thank goodness, they do not know at what building to aim their guns.

MISS S. Isn't it possible that they *do* know? They seem to know everything.

CECILE. *How* possible? So few of us have been told of the hiding place that if the secret is discovered it rather breathes of carelessness—or treachery. The military council—the men who are on guard—our hospital staff—surely the number of those who are concerned is restricted.

MIRIAM. Sergeant Hilton knows.

CECILE. *Knows!* Impossible.

MIRIAM. Why is it impossible? He is in close communication with the government.

CECILE. I don't believe it.

MIRIAM. But he said so.

CECILE. Still I don't believe it.

MIRIAM. Cecile!

CECILE. We must have further information—and I'll go myself. (*To MIRIAM.*) Miriam, will you see that our patients are undisturbed? (*To MISS S.*) Eleanor, will you keep watch as you suggested? I won't be long—for doubtless I'll meet someone who is able to tell me what I want to know. (*Exit L. of C. in F.*)

(*MIRIAM crosses to R. U. E. and goes out. MISS S., in deep thought, stands motionless for a few moments, then hurries to window, kneels and looks in every direction. As she starts to rise she spies the book which has dropped from SERGEANT HILTON'S pocket. She seizes it eagerly, turns the pages rapidly and reads here and there. Then, rising quickly, she crosses to C.*)

MISS S. Vilette!

VILETTE (*rising quickly*). Oui, ma'am'selle.

MISS S. Do you love your country?

VILETTE. Love France—la belle France? Oh, ma'am'selle!

MISS S. Are you willing to do your part toward saving your village from—the Boches?

VILETTE. Oh, ma'am'selle—you know I am!

MISS S. Then listen. Go quietly and quickly down the path at the back of the hill—and when you reach the road turn to your left until you come to the cross ways. Then to the right until you see a trail which leads into the woods. Follow the trail and it will bring you to a hut. Knock four times and a man will open the door. You will say “The Stars and Stripes”—and will hand him—*this*. (*Takes a small American flag from her gown.*) Do you understand?

VILETTE. Oui.

MISS S. Then tell me—quickly—just what you are to do.

VILETTE. Down ze hill—turn to ze left—reach ze cross ways, zen to ze right—follow ze trail—knock at ze door—*so* (*knocks on chair four times*), and when ze door opens—like zis—(*holds out flag to imaginary person and strikes a dramatic attitude*) ze Stars and Stripes!

MISS S. Exactly. Now off with you, and be quick, for every moment counts. Nobody is likely to molest you—and if anybody tries, remember that you are doing your bit—for France!

VILETTE *hurries out L. of C. in F.* MISS S. *stands motionless for a moment, crosses to the window and looks out, and then, thrusting the book inside her gown, turns and goes out at R. U. E. Stage is clear for a few moments, then CECILE enters hurriedly from L. of C. in F. She throws off a long, dark wrap on chair near fireplace, then crosses hastily to R. U. E., looks cautiously out the door, draws the curtains and returns to door at L. of C. in F. After glancing down the hall, she hastens to fireplace and from within draws out a small telephone.*

CECILE (*at telephone*). I have just been authentically informed that the company of Germans now in the village is a detachment from a near-by army, and that this deflection from the main route is for a definite purpose—the ammunition, of course. (*She pauses for a few moments.*) From the position of the guns there is every indication that the château is to be shelled. (*Pauses.*) We can best observe maneuvers from here—and will keep you posted. (*Hangs up receiver, hides telephone and hurries to window. As she does so, there is the sound of a machine gun.*)

Enter MIRIAM from R. U. E.

MIRIAM. They have fired at the château! (*Hurries to window.*)

CECILE. And have thereby settled the last doubt we may have had concerning their ignorance of the hiding place.

(*The shot is answered and is succeeded by a volley.*)

MIRIAM (*covering her ears*). If they reach the ammunition—the explosion—

CECILE. They do not wish to reach the ammunition in that way. They prefer it intact.

MIRIAM. Then why the firing? Why—(*another volley sounds and she gazes intently out the window.*) Cecile, our men have missed their mark!

CECILE (*hurrying to fireplace and taking telephone*). Aim directly at the clump of trees to the right of the church. (*Pauses and a moment after comes the firing.*)

MIRIAM. Splendid! Right in their midst. (*Sound of guns.*) Wait! That doesn't come from the same place. (*Looks intently.*) It's just beyond the school house.

CECILE (*at telephone*). Beyond the school house. (*Pauses.*) What's that? (*To MIRIAM.*) The trees obscure their aim. Can you direct the shot?

MIRIAM. I'll try. (*Pauses and looks intently.*) Directly over the gate in the north wall.

CECILE (*at telephone*). Directly over the gate in the north wall. (*Pause—and the shot is heard.*)

MIRIAM (*after a close scrutiny*). More to the right.

CECILE (*at telephone*). More to the right. (*Guns sound.*)

MIRIAM. Oh, the north wall is shattered!

Enter Miss S. from R. U. E.

MISS S. (*at C.*). I've been watching every move. The firing is a blind. The shots are not aimed to do damage. For while they are attracting attention in this way, a long line of men is creeping up the back of the hill with the purpose of attacking.

CECILE. You are sure of this, Eleanor?

MISS S. Sure—oh, very sure.

CECILE (*at telephone*). They are planning an attack. The men are marching up the back of the hill and evidently the firing is to divert attention. (*Pause.*) I'll keep you posted. (*Hangs up receiver and hides telephone.*)

SERGEANT HILTON and RUDOLPH appear *L. of C. in F.*

SERGEANT (*to RUDOLPH*). You will mount guard in the hall, Rudolph, and remember that no one is to pass. (*RUDOLPH salutes and withdraws from sight*). Ladies, I beg your pardon for this interruption. Imperative business alone excuses it.

CECILE (*standing back of chair by fireplace*). Then will you explain your—unannounced—visit, Sergeant? (*Miss S. withdraws to chair L. of table.*)

SERGEANT. It has to do with the loss of a small book which I always carry with me. You doubtless remember it, Miss Thorpe?

MIRIAM. Perfectly.

SERGEANT. Then you recall its value to me.

MIRIAM. I do—and I am sorry to hear of its loss.

SERGEANT (*his tone changing*). If so—return it to me.

MIRIAM (*in surprise*). I do not understand you.

SERGEANT. The book is gone and it must have slipped from my pocket when I was here with you.

MIRIAM. But I have not seen it and (*looks around*) it is not here.

SERGEANT. Are you quite sure of this, Miss Thorpe?

MIRIAM (*haughtily*). I do not like your attitude, Sergeant Hilton. My word is sufficient.

SERGEANT. Then I beg your pardon for the annoyance. (*Turns to CECILE.*) Miss Deering, may I ask you for some information which will help—our cause? (*CECILE nods.*) Then—will you put me in touch with the other château?

CECILE. That is quite outside my province, Sergeant Hilton.

SERGEANT. But Miss Thorpe informs me that you are in direct communication with headquarters.

CECILE. What is your interpretation of *direct communication*?

SERGEANT. Well—perhaps—a telephone.

CECILE. I see. On the other hand, Miss Thorpe might have been speaking figuratively—or in broad terms.

SERGEANT. I think not. You deny your close relation with the government?

CECILE (*coolly*). Why should I? I am a very loyal daughter of France and my particular work naturally brings me into touch with authority.

SERGEANT. Exactly. Which fact creates the natural inference that you must have some direct means of communication.

CECILE. Even if I had this *means of communication*, as you choose to call it, why should I reveal it to you?

SERGEANT. I believe I told you why.

CECILE. Then I shall be wholly frank with you. Were there a telephone—here—in this room, I should not give my permission for you to use it.

SERGEANT. And why?

CECILE. Because I do not trust you, Sergeant Hilton.

SERGEANT. Very well. Your frankness makes it much easier for me to continue. Laying conventionality and digression aside, show me the telephone, Miss Deering, and show me immediately.

CECILE. Your tone is insufferable. Please leave the house at once.

SERGEANT. Not until I discover the source of the information which is keeping the château apprised of our movements.

MIRIAM. *Our movements?*

SERGEANT. The German movements. If the public has chosen to misconstrue my allegiance, it is not my fault.

MIRIAM (*in horror*). You mean that you have deceived us? That you are a spy—a traitor?

SERGEANT. If you care to put it that way. All's fair in war times, you know. Your dear Americans were easily hoodooed, Miss Thorpe, for they fell for me without the slightest suspicion of my real business.

MIRIAM. Oh, the shame of it—the dishonor of it—and to think that any man could be so low, so base, so treacherous!

SERGEANT. Cut out the hysterics, Miss Thorpe, and I'll forgive you the epithets, since you did me a good turn today by telling me just where we could find the ammunition.

MIRIAM. Cecile! Can you ever forgive me? (*CECILE crosses to her.*)

SERGEANT. You see, we knew of the hidden treasure, but not its exact whereabouts. When I discovered Miss Thorpe in the neighborhood I thought that it might be to my advantage to renew the acquaintance. It was—for, through her, I was able to tell my men just where to fire.

(*Meanwhile the firing continues intermittently. While the SERGEANT is talking, MISS S., unnoticed by him, catches up the library shears on the table and quietly moves to fireplace. She takes out the telephone, severs the cord and returns to her former position.*)

CECILE. My roof never shelters a spy. Will you go?

SERGEANT. In my own time, Miss Deering. Or, in other words, when you show me the telephone. It's quite useless to delay—for if you persist in refusing I shall find it for myself—at the sacrifice of your most attractive furnishings.

MISS S. Suppose you try the fireplace, Sergeant Hilton.

MIRIAM. Eleanor!

CECILE. How dare you! (*Steps forward.*) Sergeant Hilton, I forbid you to take another step.

SERGEANT (*pushing her aside*). I obey orders only from my superior officers, Miss Deering. (*Goes to fireplace.*) A clever hiding place, indeed. (*Draws out telephone and observes severed cord.*) Who did this?

MISS S. (*holding up hand*). Guilty.

SERGEANT (*in sudden suspicion*). Who are you?

MISS S. (*still holding shears*). You might call us the three Fates. Wasn't it Atropos who held the shears and cut the thread of life?

SERGEANT (*furiously*). You shall all pay for this. And do you think for a moment that anything you do can check us or hold us from victory? Why—even now—our men are creeping up the hill ready to attack. (*Snapping fingers.*) That for any chance you have and your precious patients upstairs!

MISS S. Do you believe in Providence, Sergeant Hilton, or have you ever heard that—sometimes—help comes in the nick of time? (*A bugle sounds.*) Listen! (*MIRIAM and CECILE rush to window.*)

CECILE. The Stars and Stripes!

MIRIAM. Our men—our men! (*Seizes American flag from above the desk and waves it out the window.*) Look, look, Cecile, they see us—they're saluting. (*Half crying.*) Oh, I'm homesick. I want to go back—I want to be under my own flag! (*Excitedly.*) Do you see, Cecile? They're marching to meet the Germans—and we're saved—we're saved!

(*SERGEANT HILTON has joined them at the window. While his back is turned, MISS S. steps quietly to L. of C. in F. and stands there facing the audience.*)

SERGEANT. So this is what you've done! (*Furiously.*) Then, by heaven, you'll pay for it. (*Turns and starts to go through door at L. of C. in F. MISS S. confronts him with revolver.*)

MISS S. Hands up, Sergeant Hilton!

SERGEANT. What nonsense is this? Put down that pistol.

MISS S. Put up your hands—(*SERGEANT HILTON starts toward her. She steps backward, still holding revolver.*)

else I'll shoot—and I'll shoot to kill. A secret service woman seldom misses her mark. (SERGEANT HILTON *steps back in surprise, then holds up his hands.*) Ah! That puts quite a different light upon the matter, doesn't it? You see, I'm not bluffing. (To MIRIAM and CECILE.) Look, girls. You notice that the poor, limp arm upon which you lavished so much sympathy is as good as new. And, doubtless, the injured eyes are better—although they did not prove keen enough to foresee this emergency. (To SERGEANT HILTON.) As to you, Sergeant Hilton, perhaps you remember now the inquisitive girl who so plied you with questions at the dance; perhaps you remember seeing me on the ship in which you crossed—although you couldn't exactly place me; and, perhaps (*with her free hand drawing book from dress*) you remember—*this!*

SERGEANT (*starting toward her*). You'll give me this—

MISS S. (*stepping back*). Oh, no, I won't. (*As he starts to lower his hands.*) Watch out! (*He raises them again.*) Miss Deering, it will be wiser to take any weapon you may find upon him. (CECILE *removes revolver from his pocket.*) Thank you. (*Holds up book.*) It's an interesting little book—exceedingly interesting. When all your friends were hazarding speculations upon its contents, you perhaps will recall that I suggested—statistics. I guessed right, and they are worth while statistics—for your country, Sergeant. All kinds of data about our training camps; minute maps showing intersection of railroads; exact details of our coast defences.

SERGEANT. It's a lie.

MISS S. At first glance its contents appeared very innocent—the philosophical diary of a brave soldier—but I gave it the acid test and between the lines and back of it all written in invisible ink is exactly what I have told you—information invaluable to an invading army, and sufficient proof that there is no room for you in the American commonwealth.

SERGEANT. I never again expect to see America.

MISS S. I'm not so sure of that. (*Listens intently.*)

Even now I fancy that I hear the footsteps of approaching fate. (*Sound of scuffling off stage.*)

SERGEANT (*nervously*). What do you mean?

MISS S. That your little watch-dog with the German name is by this time probably in the hands of the law; and that the law, like John Brown's soul, is marching on—in this direction. (*Calls, without taking her eyes from the SERGEANT.*) Uncle Sam?

VOICE (*from off stage*). Coming.

MISS S. Here's your prisoner.

Enter HARRISON in uniform, at L. of C. in F.

HARRISON. Keep your pose just a moment more, Eleanor—until I put the seal of approval upon him. (*As SERGEANT HILTON struggles.*) No use, Hilton, for this pistol can shoot, and if you were to escape you'd run right into the arms of a guard outside that door. We have been after you a long time, Harry Howard, deserter from the United States army and spy in the German service, alias Sergeant Hilton, survivor of the famous Royal Rifles; but you've been clever and you left our shores before we proved our case. If it hadn't been for this little girl (*indicating MISS S.*) we might have lost you, and all your fine plans would have succeeded. (*Snaps handcuffs upon him.*)

MISS S. (*handing her revolver to HARRISON*). As it is—well, did you ever hear the little poem which goes something like this:

The King of France rode up the hill with full ten thousand men,

The King of France did gain the top—and then rode down again.

That's what is going on out there (*pointing out the window*), but it doesn't happen to be the King of France *this* time.

(HARRISON *seizes SERGEANT HILTON, pushes him to the door and goes out with him.*)

MISS S. (*running to CECILE*). Can you ever forgive me for my erratic career? I'm really Eleanor Harris and I

never want to hear that hateful Smith again. (*As HARRISON re-enters.*) And this is my brother, Raymond Harris. (*Holds out her hand and draws him to CECILE, who cordially greets him.*) You knew him, Miss Thorpe, as Harrison Ray. (*HARRISON takes MIRIAM'S hand.*) He's been doing secret service work, which fact explains many things.

CECILE. Mr. Harris, I'm sure you realize just how grateful I am, just how much your intervention means to us here in the village, and just what you have done for France.

HARRISON. I only regret, Miss Deering, that I was forced to stage my arrest in your home. But if you had been chasing this rogue as I have, you wouldn't have hesitated to snatch him—even in the Kaiser's palace.

CECILE. Indeed, I do appreciate the situation, and I mean every word when I say that I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

MIRIAM. Won't you tell us about it—from the first?

HARRISON. For some months the government has had this man under suspicion, but has been unable to obtain any real proof of his duplicity. He seemed frank and above board; he displayed a patriotism above criticism, and he had a most engaging personality, as you all can testify. I was sent to your particular training camp ahead of his scheduled time, and at this move in the game my sister entered. (*Puts arm around her.*) She helped me out by discovering that he carried a little black book—and from that time we looked upon this book as the proof of his guilt.

Miss S. Tell them, Ray, that I'm not a *real* secret service person!

HARRISON. Well, you ought to be, for all the credit of this capture goes to you. (*To MIRIAM and CECILE.*) To go on. Hilton kept eluding us, but by chance we learned that he was booked to sail from Canada on a certain steamer. Eleanor had planned to join Miss Thorpe in the hospital work here, so sailed with him, while I took an earlier boat. When he made his way to this particular village, we thought his movements suspicious, but, fortunately, Eleanor was

on the ground. Today she sent me the message which I had been expecting, in anticipation of which I kept an American regiment ready to go to the defence of the ammunition. The rest you know.

CECILE. But—the message? What was it?

MISS S. The Stars and Stripes! It meant the need of the soldiers, and a flag along with it was to signify that I had gained possession of the book, which was the only proof we needed.

MIRIAM. But who took the message? And how did you reach him in time?

MISS S. Via Vilette. She waved the Stars and Stripes and did her bit for France. Didn't she, Ray?

HARRISON. Exactly. And you should have seen her when the boys gave her the salute.

CECILE. Oh, I want to hear her own version of it.

MISS S. And I want to give the boys upstairs *my* own version of what's happened. It will read like a movie with a "they all lived happily ever after" ending. (*Glancing mischievously from MIRIAM to HARRISON.*) I hope!

CECILE. Come, we'll go together. (*Hastens to door L. of C. in F., pulling Miss S. after her. At the door she turns and calls laughingly.*) You'll excuse us? (*Exeunt CECILE and MISS S.*)

HARRISON (*after a moment's silence*). I'm wearing the khaki, Miriam.

MIRIAM. You have always worn it—in your heart.

HARRISON. There are many ways of answering the call of the colors.

MIRIAM. And yours was the hardest, for it brought you misunderstanding, criticism and estrangement.

HARRISON. You trusted me through it all, Miriam.

MIRIAM. But I said harsh things to you. (*Pauses.*) Can you ever forgive me?

HARRISON. I've nothing to forgive. (*After a moment.*) Miriam, the government has granted me my wish—and I am on my way to the trenches.

MIRIAM. That makes me very proud—and very sad.

HARRISON. And when a man faces the Great Adventure, life resolves itself into elemental things—friendship, faith and—love. Your friendship I carry with me, your faith will be my inspiration—

MIRIAM (*tremulously, as she holds out her hands to him*). And my love. Won't you take that, too?

CURTAIN.

Deacon Dubbs

By WALTER BEN HARE

Price, 25 Cents

A rural comedy-drama in 3 acts; 5 males, 5 females. Time, 2¼ hours. One scene throughout, a farmyard, not difficult to set. A play of pathos, clean cut rural comedy, local color and a touch of sensation, making a truly great offering for amateurs. It is professional-like in construction, yet easily within the scope of any amateur society. The types are true to life, not exaggerated caricatures. The star role is a comedy old farmer, not the usual stage type of hayseed, but the real, genuine, kind hearted, wise old Deacon, a part as appealing in its way, as Uncle Josh Whitcomb, Nathaniel Berry or David Harum. The heroine, Rose Raleigh, the brave little school ma'am, is a strong, emotional part. A country boy and a Swede hired girl are great comedy parts; also a comedy old maid (almost a star part), tomboy soubrette. A finely drawn hero, character auctioneer, an excellent villain, etc. The characters are almost all equally good. A male quartet and a crowd of villagers will greatly add to the success of the play. A feature scene in each act: A country auction, a country wedding, a country husking bee. This play is a sure hit.

SYNOPSIS

Act I.—Rose Cottage on an afternoon in June. Yennie Yensen, the Swedish hired girl, wants to borrow some yumps and decides to bid on the hired man at the auction, as "he bane a purty gude looking feller." Miss Philipena arranges for the auction sale. Rose and Amos. "Out of the broken ruins of time fair blossoms grow, God's last amen is a white rose." The Deacon arrives from Sorghum Center, State o' West Virginny. "Ding, dong, bell, pussy's in the well." The farm is sold to Rose Raleigh for two thousand dollars. The defeat of Rawdon Crawley.

Act II.—Same scene, a morning in August. Wedding bells. "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on." Deuteronomy and Yennie bring wedding presents. Miss Philipena takes a nap with disastrous results. Yennie is scared. "Your face, it bane put on backwards." Back from the grave. "You are my wife. Take off that bridal wreath, that sparkling necklace." "Who is this man?" The Deacon arrests Rawdon Crawley.

Act III.—Same scene but a year later and in autumn. The husking bee. Songs and merriment by the villagers. "Rawdon Crawley has escaped!" "This is my punishment and my punishment is more than I can bear." The Deacon returns from New York. Miss Philipena and the fractious cow. The Deacon's nightmare. "Cork, cork, cork!" A wheelbarrow for two. The Virginia reel. The death of Rawdon Crawley. "We'll have a double wedding and for a honeymoon we'll all go down to Sorghum Center, State o' West Virginny."

Their First Quarrel

By CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES.

Price, 15 Cents

A comedy; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 15 minutes. A bit of glue, which has the appearance of chewing gum, underneath the seat of a chair—and "that's how the trouble began." A subtle bit of humor that will surely please. Could be played in a parlor without scenery.

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154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

Safety First

By SHELDON PARMER

Price, 25 Cents

Farce-comedy, in 3 acts; 5 males, 5 females. Time, 2½ hours. **Scenes:** A parlor and a garden, easily arranged. A sprightly farce full of action and with a unique plot teeming with unexpected turns and twists that will make the audience wonder "what on earth is coming next." Behind the fun and movement lurks a great moral: Always tell the truth to your wife. The cast includes three young men, a funny policeman, a terrible Turk, two young ladies, a society matron, a Turkish maiden and Mary O'Finnigan, the Irish cook. The antics of the terror-stricken husband, the policeman, the dude and the Irish cook start the audience smiling at 8:15 and send them home with aching sides from the tornado of fun at 10:40. Suitable for performance anywhere, but recommended for lodges, clubs and schools. Not a coarse or suggestive line in the play.

SYNOPSIS

Act I.—Jack's lil suburban home. A misplaced husband. "He kissed me good-bye at eighteen minutes after seven last night, and I haven't laid eyes on him since." The Irish maid is full of sympathy but she imagines a crime has been committed. Elmer, the college boy, drops in. And the terrible Turk drops out. "Sure the boss has eloped wid a Turkey!" Jerry and Jack come home after a horrible night. Explanations. "We joined the Shriners, I'm the Exalted Imported Woggle and Jack is the Bazook!" A detective on the trail. Warrants for John Doe, Richard Roe and Mary Moe. "We're on our way to Florida!"

Act II.—A month later, Jack and Jerry reported drowned at sea. The Terrible Turk looking for Zuleika. The return of the prodigals. Ghosts! Some tall explanations are in order. "I never was drowned in all my life, was I, Jerry?" "We were lashed to a mast and we floated and floated and floated!" A couple of heroes. The Terrible Turk hunting for Jack and Jerry. "A Turk never injures an insane man." Jack feigns insanity. "We are leaving this roof forever!" The end of a perfect day.

Act III.—Mrs. Bridger's garden. Elmer and Zuleika start on their honeymoon. Mabel forgives Jack, but her mamma does not. They decide to elope. Jerry's scheme works. The two McNutts. "Me middle name is George Washington, and I cannot tell a lie." The detective falls in the well. "It's his ghost!" Jack and Jerry preparing for the elopement. Mary Ann appears at the top of the ladder. A slight mistake. "It's a burglar, mum, I've got him!" The Terrible Turk finds his Zuleika. Happiness at last.

Foiled, By Heck!

By FREDERICK G. JOHNSON

Price, 25 Cents

A truly rural drama, in 1 scene and several dastardly acts; 3 males, 3 females. Time, 35 minutes. **Scene:** The mortgaged home of the homespun drama, between sunup and sundown. **Characters:** Reuben, a nearly self-made man. His wife, who did the rest. Their perfectly lovely daughter. Clarence, a rustic hero, by ginger! Olivia, the plaything of fate, poor girl. Sylvester, with a viper's heart. Curses! Curses! Already he has the papers. A screaming travesty on the old-time "b'gosh" drama.

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154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

Mrs. Tubbs Does Her Bit

By WALTER BEN HARE

Price, 25 Cents

Patriotic comedy-drama, in 3 acts; 7 males, 7 females (4 are children, 2 boys, 2 girls). Time, 2¼ hours. **Scenes:** Interior and a camp at midnight, very easily arranged. **Characters:** Mrs. Mollie Tubbs, a patriotic mother. Aunt Serepty, a wealthy relative. Clingie Vine, a romantic old maid. Mrs. Hickey, a kind neighbor. Elsie, a Red Cross nurse. James Tubbs, one of Uncle Sam's boys. Simon Rubbels, the close-fisted landlord. Major Pepper, commander of the camp. Nelson and Graham, privates. Queenie Tubbs, aged eleven. Scuffles, aged ten. Billy, a little feller. Punky, the Tubbs toddler. A refined and delightful play featuring a woman's patriotism. The story is intensely dramatic and abounds in patriotic sentiment, relieved by several scenes of broad but refined comedy. Mrs. Tubbs gives her son to her country and does her bit when she takes his place as sentry at the training camp at midnight. A Red Cross nurse lends a romantic touch to the play and a funny old maid and two mischievous children furnish the comedy. The audience will love this poor widow washwoman of Shantytown, who at the darkest moment has a ready smile and a song of cheer in her heart.

MRS. TUBBS SAYS:

"A song and a smile makes life worth while.

Eggs has riz sump'm scand'lous. How do the hens know there's a war over in Europe?

Some folks 'ud rather grunt than smile; I ain't never heard a hog laugh yet, but they certainly can grunt.

I know that if I had ten sons, I'd give each one of 'em to my country and be proud to say, 'America, here's my boy!'

I ain't never received nothin' yet from my rich relations except advice and picture post-cards and I ain't goin' to ask 'em now.

I ain't much, I know that, I'm only a poor widow washwoman livin' in the slums of Shantytown, but I'm an American and I'll stand up fer my country and my flag.

Maybe Simon Rubbels ain't as bad as he's painted, but there ain't no angel wings a-sproutin' out of his shoulders and I've noticed that his breath smells a heap more like brimstone than it does like angel cake.

I've made up my mind and when Mollie Tubbs makes up her mind the hull United States army and navy to boot can't unmake it. Gimme that rifle! I'm doing my bit fer humanity and my native land.

If every black cloud had a cyclone in it, the world 'ud a been blowed to toothpicks long ago.

And quit lookin' like a undertaker!

It's the little things in life that count. Scuffles. The little things. Why you might have a di'mond ring on your finger and a gold watch in your pocket, but if you only got one suspender button and that busts, then where are you?

Hand to hand, foot to foot, shoulder to shoulder they march, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the college man and the day laborer, the millionaire and the tramp, the white and the black, with one idea in their minds, one purpose in their hearts, one voice in their ears, a voice that says 'Carry on, and on, and on, forward for God and home and The Star-Spangled Banner!'

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Yankee Detective, 3 acts, 2 hrs.....	8	3

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Borrowed Luncheon, 20 min...	5	
Borrowing Trouble, 20 min...	3	5
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For Love and Honor, 20 min...	2	1
Fudge and a Burglar, 15 min...	5	
Fun in Photo Gallery, 30 min...	6	10
Great Medical Dispensary, 30 m.	6	
Great Pumpkin Case, 30 min...	12	
Hans Von Smash, 30 min....	4	3
I'm Not Meself at All, 25 min...	3	2
Initiating a Granger, 25 min...	8	
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min...	3	3
Is the Editor In? 20 min....	4	2
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min...	5	1
Men Not Wanted, 30 min....	8	
Mike Donovan's Courtship, 15 m.	1	3
Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m.	7	9
Mrs. Jenkins' Brilliant Idea, 35m.	8	
Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent, 30 m.	3	2
My Wife's Relations, 1 hr....	4	6
Not a Man in the House, 40 m.	5	
Pair of Lunatics, 20 min.....	1	1
Patsy O'Wang, 35 min.....	4	3
Pat, the Apothecary, 35 min...	6	2
Persecuted Dutchman, 30 min.	6	3
Regular Fix, 35 min.....	6	4
Second Childhood, 15 min....	2	2
Shadows, 35 min.....	2	2
Sing a Song of Seniors, 30 min.	7	
Taking Father's Place, 30 min.	5	3
Taming a Tiger, 30 min.....	3	
That Rascal Pat, 30 min.....	3	2
Those Red Envelopes, 25 min.	4	4
Too Much of a Good Thing, 45 min.	3	6
Turn Him Out, 35 min.....	3	2
Two Aunts and a Photo, 20 m.	4	
Two Gentlemen in a Fix, 15 m.	2	
Two Ghosts in White, 20 min...	8	
Two of a Kind, 40 min.....	2	3
Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min...	3	2
Wanted a Correspondent, 45 m.	4	4
Wanted a Hero, 20 min.....	1	1

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Yankee Peddler, 1 hr.....	7	3

VAUDEVILLE SKETCHES, MONOLOGUES, ETHIOPIAN PLAYS.

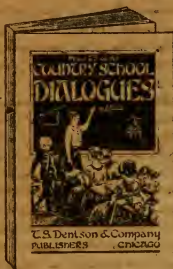
Ax'in' Her Father, 25 min....	2	3
Booster Club of Blackville, 25 m.	10	
Breakfast Food for Two, 20 m.	1	1
Cold Finish, 15 min.....	2	1
Colored Honeymoon, 25 min...	2	2
Coon Creek Courtship, 15 min.	1	1
Coming Champion, 20 min....	2	
Coontown Thirteen Club, 25 m.	14	
Counterfeit Bills, 20 min.....	1	1
Darktown Fire Brigade, 25 min.	10	
Doings of a Dude, 20 min.....	2	1
Dutch Cocktail, 20 min.....	2	
For Reform, 20 min.....	4	
Fresh Timothy Hay, 20 min...	2	1
Glickman, the Glazier, 25 min.	1	1
Good Mornin' Judge, 35 min...	9	2
Her Hero, 20 min.....	1	1
Hey, Rube! 15 min.....	1	
Home Run, 15 min.....	1	1
Jumbo Jum, 30 min.....	4	3
Little Red School House, 20 m.	4	
Love and Lather, 35 min.....	3	2
Marriage and After, 10 min...	1	
Memphis Mose, 25 min.....	5	1
Mischievous Nigger, 25 min...	4	2
Mistaken Miss, 20 min.....	1	1
Mr. and Mrs. Fido, 20 min....	1	1
Oh, Doctor! 30 min.....	6	2
One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m.	2	
Oshkosh Next Week, 20 min...	4	
Oyster Stew, 10 min.....	2	
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10m.	1	
Pickles for Two, 15 min.....	2	
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min.	2	2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m.	6	
Sham Doctor, 10 min.....	4	2
Si and I, 15 min.....	1	
Special Sale, 15 min.....	2	
Stage Struck Darcy, 10 min...	2	1
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min...	1	
Time Table, 20 min.....	1	1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.	1	1
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min...	4	
Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min...	1	
Two Jay Detectives, 15 min...	3	
Umbrella Mender, 15 min....	2	
Uncle Jeff, 25 min.....	5	2
What Happened to Hannah, 15m.	1	1

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